



Lament weeping, weak
 With hollow piteous shriek
 Rising from unrest,
 The trembling woman prest,
 With feet & weary won;
 She could no further go.
 In his arms he bore,
 Her arm with sorrow sore,
 Till before their way,
 A crouching lion lay.
 Turning back was vain,
 Soon his heavy mane
 Drove them to the ground;
 Then he stalked around,
 Smelling to his prey,
 But their fears away,
 When he took their hands,
 And silent by them stands.
 They look upon his eyes
 Filled with deep surprise:
 And wondering behold
 A spirit raim'd in gold.
 On his head a crown,
 On his shoulders down,
 Drove his golden hair,
 Gone was all their care.
 Follow me he said,
 Weep not for the maid:
 In my palace deep,
 Leda lies asleep.
 Then they followed,
 Where the vision led;
 And saw their sleeping child,
 Among tigers wild.
 To this day they dwell
 In a lonely dale,
 Nor fear the woodwomb howl,
 Nor the lions growl.



A Little BOY Lost

Nought loves another as itself
 Nor venerates another so,
 Nor is it possible to thought
 A greater than itself to know:

And Father, how can I love you,
 Or any of my brothers more?
 I love you like the little bird
 That picks up crumbs around the door.

The Priest, sat by and heard the child
 In trembling zeal he seized his hear:
 He led him by his little coat:
 And all admired the Priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
 Lo what a fiend is here! said he:
 One who sets reason up for judge
 Of our most holy Mystery.

The weeping child could not be heard,
 The weeping parents wept in vain:
 They strip'd him to his little shirt,
 And bound him in an iron chain.

And bann'd him in a holy place,
 Where many had been ban'd before:
 The weeping parents wept in vain,
 Are such things done on Albion's shore.